

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

With all the fun,
That he had done.

And how at last he went to France,
To teach great Bonaparte to dance.



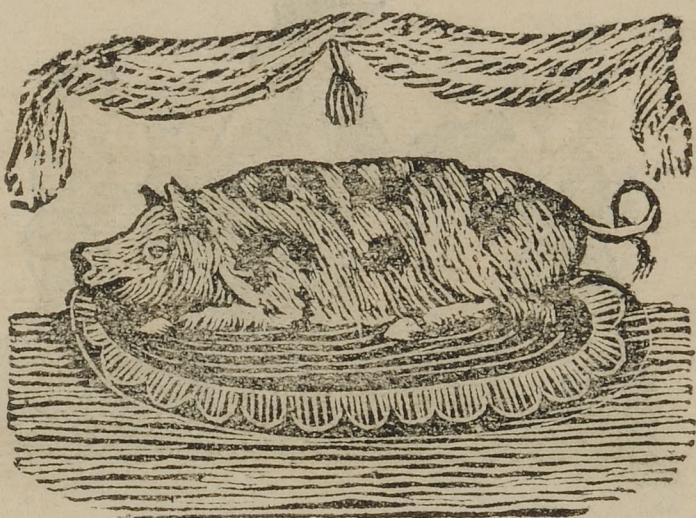
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TOM, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran,
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom came roaring down the
street ;

Yes, yes, Tom stole the pig,
And at school they flogg'd his rig.



Here's a long tail'd pig,
Or a short tail'd pig,
Or a pig without a tail,
A boar pig, or a sow pig,
Or a pig with a curley tail.



This man makes pigs of paste and fills their bellies with currants, and places two little currants in their heads for eyes ; so while the man set down the basket to sell a little Miss a curley tail'd pig, Tom ran away with a long tail'd pig : but he would not have stolen it, if he had known what sauce he should have had to it.



For he was beat in the street, and
whipped at school, and made to beg
pardon on his marrow-bones, and pro-
mise never to steal any thing again,
thus after the sweet-meat of stealing
he got the sour sauce of correction.



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play while he was young,
All the tunes that he could play,
Was over the hills and far away.



Tom with his pipe then made such a
noise,
Pleasing the old, the girls and the boys,
They'd dance and sing while he did
play,
Over the hills and far away.



Now Tom after this, learn'd to play
with such skill,
That whoever heard him could never
stand still;
As soon as he play'd they began for
to dance,
E'en pigs on their hind legs did after
him prance,



As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for
to play ;
The cow danc'd, and Doll danc'd, a
merry go round,
Till the pail it was broke and the milk
on the ground,



He met old Dame Trot with a basket
of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs,
She danced about till her eggs were
all broke,
Then he left her to fret, while he
laugh'd at the joke.



Tom saw a cross fellow who was beat-
ing an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes,
and glass,
He played them a jig, and they danc'd
to a tune,
That the load of the jackass was
lightened soon.



Once a Dog got a sow fast hold by
the ear,
The sow squall'd out murder, and
Tom being near,
He play'd them a tune, and they did
not dance bad,
Considering the little experience they
had.



Tom met with a Parson in a sad dirty
place,
Where he made him to dance he had
so little grace,
He danc'd in the dirt, till he danc'd
in a ditch,
Where he left him in mud quite up to
the breech.



Some little time after, Tom slept on
some hay,
The very same Parson was passing
that way,
He took poor Tom's pipe and bid him
prepare,
To answer his crimes before the Lord
Mayor.

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TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

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To the Lord Mayor he took him, and
 told Tom's art,
To make people dance with a sorrow-
 ful heart,
Begg'd he'd send him to sea, where he
 might teach a dance,
To the great Bonaparte, the First
 Consul of France.

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Says Tom, I am willing to fight
against France,
First give me my pipe, I'll teach
Boney a dance.
They gave him his pipe, he began for
to play,
And the Parson and Mayor went
dancing away.

J. KENDREW, PRINTER, YORK.